THE

POLYANTHOS.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

AND

CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES OF *MR. T. A. COOPER.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut aliis prodessem.

IN our biographical department we shall ever be happy in tracing the progress of genius wherever it may be found to flourish. Theatrical entertainments have their use. To delineate the sorrows or to lash the follies of our fellow-creatures, frequently answers very valuable purposes. We therefore feel a lively satisfaction in contemplating the character of a gentleman who has attained a degree of celebrity, to which, in our country, no other person in his profession has arrived.

Mr. COOPER was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents. His father was a surgeon, who lived well established

in his profession, at *Harrow on the Hill;* but having quitted this situation, he went to India, and acquired considerable property in the east, under Warren Hastings's Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of this, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt inducted into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of the very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republick; the just sprouting sensitive, and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted—civick and mural crowns, ovations, and "*sabres d'honneur*" were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already deter-

mined that he should engage for the banners of liberty and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty.—Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention, however, being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought sufficiently prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be found for his first appearance; at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. He was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustick foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment. Cooper had been prepared for Young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing, some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he

continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne; here he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a proper person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble character—in so inferiour a sphere did *he* begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines, which conclude the play,

> So thanks to all at once, and to each one
> Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone,

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instant of his silence increasing tenfold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—Macbeth, who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb successor—the prompter spoke almost to vociferation—each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only "confusion worse confounded"—if he could have spoken, the amazed Prince might with great justice have said, "so thanks to all at once"—but his ut-

terance was gone, *vox faucibus hæsit*—a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain dropped amid a shout of universal disapprobation.

After this discomfiture Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England. His friends Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement on the Provincial Theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted, as a raw recruit, who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferiour rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months, starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages; Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakespeare's most distinguished characters for his instruction. He made him recite passages, and would explain the nature of the characters, the situations in

which they are placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer, to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of his youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a first appearance. He accordingly at the early age of 18 performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present one of the managers of the New-York Theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler, forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green-Room history, added—"and now prepare yourself for an astonishment—that identical Mr. Cooper, who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre, and who appeared extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause in London!"

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but

as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* seems to have been already his object, and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatick talents.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Wignell, who had visited England to raise a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negociation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantick, voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow in discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken.

This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the managers. It however affected his pride and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on a "beggarly account of empty boxes." He therefore closed a bargain for 60 dollars with the man who owned the Elephant. Play bills were posted up in all directions, advertising in letters of the largest

size, that the Elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his elephant, was honoured with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was there exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Mouton, Harwood, and Bernard were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroine in a style of great perfection. The season opened with Venice Preserved, in which Cooper, as Pierre, made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager; which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about 2,000 dollars, but this it was alledged had been already broken on the manager's part. In short, the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York Theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia, where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury-Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper

was invited to come, if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation, if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but did not succeed in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances were received with much applause, but the people there having formed their taste on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to those gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favourites. He then performed for a few nights at Liverpool, with great eclat.

From Liverpool, he again returned to America, and appeared in New-York in the character of Macbeth. The best criticks of that city; and among them Mr. Colman, the intelligent editor of the "*Evening-Post*," stands pre-eminent, considered the histrionick powers of our *Roscius* to have been much improved and ripened during his transatlantick excursion; but they still wanted that finishing polish, which is absolutely essential to win the award of the rigid judge, to enseal his fame with the stamp of sterling excellence. Several innovations, which he introduced in some of his principal Shakespeare characters, for the thread-bare purpose of *stage-effect*, as it is technically called, missed of their aim in the representation, and after meeting some slight critical reproof, were entirely abandoned, and have, we believe, never since returned, "*to plague th' inventor.*" Of this class of Mr. Cooper's splendid frailties, one

is so remarkable, that we cannot omit to mention it here. In the tragedy of Hamlet, the fourth scene of the third act lies in the Queen's apartment, in which the ghost *re-appears* to the young Dane. This scene is the most celebrated in the whole play; and is considered by Richardson, in his analysis of Shakespeare, as developing the apex of Hamlet's character. We cannot withhold from Mr. Cooper the very distinguished meed of praise, to which his admirable performance of the scene, except at the exit of the ghost, justly entitles him. But in this passage, as this visionary personage is stalking away,

> Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
> My father, in his habit, as he lived!
> Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Mr. C. fell, horrour-struck, upon the stage; and no doubt he fell in a great attempt at tragick impression! That he should remain *rooted to the spot*, and not, as many ranters have done, bruise the innocent shaft of the *prompt-pillar*, seems perfectly judicious; but that the second visit of the ghost should create an effect more terrifick than the first, is inexplicable; except, indeed, it may be contended, that for the first interview with his father's spirit, he was prepared by his friend Horatio, &c.; and that having buckled on "the armour of the mind," he was proof against any sudden alarm from this preternatural rencounter. But this argument must inevitably recoil upon the head of Mr. C

advocate; for if the apparition was ever to produce a temporary suspension of the animal powers, it surely would have happened at the instant of his *unexpected re-appearance*, and not at the moment of his *departure*. But enough, and "too much of this." Mr. C. has now relinquished this method; and we add, with strong conviction of critical truth, and without derogation to any other American actor, "No Dane, but his own, *now* remains on our stage."

From New-York, Mr. Cooper went to Philadelphia, where he increased his already "large honours;" and from that city he came to Boston, where his success in particular tragick characters has been distinguished beyond that of any other performer, who has ever appeared on the same boards. As a general actor, Mr. Hodgkinson, whose memory will be ever dear to both the tutelar deities, who preside over the drama, was decidedly his superiour. Mr. Cooper does not often appear to advantage in comedy; and even in tragedy, we think he excels more in exciting terrour, than inspiring sympathy. His "Othello," his "Hamlet," his "Zanga," and his "Leon," are the most finished of all his personations. In many other characters, he has successfully pursued the path to fame, *sed haud passibus equis*. Second to no one, however, can we esteem him, as a votary of Melpomene, unless indeed we except the individual character of "Macbeth," in which the late lamented

Hodgkinson pre-eminently surpassed him. This, it is acknowledged, is the most arduous of all Shakespeare's developements of human action. The seductions of ambition, the gradations of vice, and the reluctances of yielding virtue, are here minutely delineated, and form the master-stroke of that unrivalled hand, which had so often portrayed the features of nature in different views, and knew "every line and trick of her sweet favour." Had the writer of this article ever witnessed the Thane of Cawdor by Mr. Kemble, it is probable he might not have considered, as he now does, Mr. Hodgkinson's assumption, as touching the ultimate point of excellence.

Although we are devotedly attached to correct orthoepy on the stage, and have no pagan objection to any son of the histrionick art, who may happen to be erudite in philology; we still consider ourselves not only too much the admirers of Nature to estimate these polished requisites as the *sine qua non* of the profession; but we also are not quite fastidious enough to be ear-tied, in defiance of sense and character. On these subjects we shall here be silent; and shall also preserve our taciturnity on a theme of higher importance—the application of the *rising and falling circumflexes* of the voice—in the discretion of whose exercise Mr. Cooper is sometimes incorrect. This, however, is a fault, common to the best performers:—We have never yet heard but one "Portia" who pronounced

The quality of mercy is not *strained*,

with the *rising circumflex* on the last word; and yet without this, the passage is scarcely sense in itself, and bears no relation to the preceding position of the colloquy—

Then *must* the Jew be merciful.

But to disclose an offence of greater magnitude:—We would ask Mr. Cooper upon what authority, except the spirit of innovation, in Hamlet's scene with Horatio, when speaking of the stratagem of the play "to catch the conscience of the king"—he reads, "if he *turn pale*, I know my course." In all the editions, which we have seen, the original text is preserved; and in Johnson's folio Dictionary we find the whole passage quoted, under the word "*blench*."

——————— I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick—if he *but blench*,
I know my course.

Two other extracts from Shakespeare are cited to support the text. To "*blench*" is to *shrink*, to *start back*;—but a very different sense is conveyed by Mr. Cooper's reading. Besides, admitting the king to be struck with remorse or terror of conscience, by the force of scenick allusion, his *turning pale* would be no definite symptom of the alarm within him; for, more commonly, instead of the chalky paleness, the florid erubescence of the cheek betrays the panting guilt of the bosom.

One more remark, and we close. Mr. Cooper reads,

——————— foul deeds will rise—
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them—to men's eyes;

without making any pause, or inflexion of tone, in the second line. As thus,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm to men's eyes!

Critical truth would say that the clause, "tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them," is a parenthesis by construction, although not marked as such, and should so be read.—But annotations upon his errours are far less pleasant, than the panegyrick of his excellencies.

——— Ubi *plura* nitent, non ego *paucis*
Offendar maculis.

BIOGRAPHICAL ABSTRACT
OF THE LIFE OF JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "THE HONEY MOON."

.....

JOHN TOBIN was born, January 28, 1770, at Salisbury. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Webbe, a West-Indian, and by her he was the third son of James Tobin, born in London, but an inhabitant of the island of Nevis. Quitting England for the West-Indies, his parents sent him and his two elder brothers to the free school of Southampton, where he remained seven years, and was afterward pupil to the reverend Mr. Lee of Bristol, in which city his father, re-

turning from the Indies, embarked in a commercial partnership. Not having been bred to commerce, his father in early life had been devoted to the pursuit of the liberal arts, and the taste of the son was improved by residing in his father's house. His inclination, however, for the law, to which profession he was destined, was by no means increased. He was for a short period with a Mr. Gautier, who taught French at Bristol. In 1785, he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn.

After the death of that gentleman, he became a partner with three other clerks in the office; but, disagreements happening which ended in a chancery suit, he entered into a new firm with his friend Mr. Ange.

Finding his health decline, by the advice of his physicians he went, in 1803, and resided with a relation in Cornwall; but his disorder assuming the form of consumption, he was induced, in November, 1804, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, to embark at Bristol for the West-Indies, hoping benefit from a warmer climate. In the same ship was the wife of a valued friend, suffering under the same disease and buoyed up by the same hopes. Detained at Cork some days, the vessel sailed from that port on the 7th of December, and on that day he died. Contrary winds obliged the ship to return to the Cove of Cork, and he was attended to his grave by the friend who had accompanied him on this short voyage. Previous to this

disease, his health generally appeared good; but he was always of a spare habit, and, when a boy, indisposed to violent and muscular exercises. When at school he was quick in acquiring lessons, tranquil of disposition, and prone neither to give nor take offence. Delighting to indulge in reverie, his pursuits were of a peaceable and literary kind. On the banks of the Avon, near Salisbury, where he spent his holidays with his grandfather, he acquired a love of angling, to which he was ever afterward devoted; and his ardour for it was increased by the few opportunities in which it could be indulged. Averse to walking, unless when he had a strong motive, his hours were lost in thought or in the creations of an active mind. Abstracted and constitutionally indolent, he was alike apt to forget forms, and neglect pecuniary concerns; yet, having a high sense of moral duty, he never broke even trifling engagements. Of inflexible integrity himself, he detested selfishness, and carefully avoided men of hollow principles, however bland their manners, or brilliant their accomplishments. By taking a part in school performances, and visiting the theatre at Southampton, he acquired a taste for the drama, and his first piece was written before the year 1789. Constantly engaged after this period in dramatick compositions, they were offered to the theatres, but were all rejected except a comedy called The Pharo Table, which was accepted at Drury-lane, though never

performed. On quitting London, he left the Honey Moon, the last piece he had finished, with his brother : they had resided ten years together, united by kindred feelings and similarity of sentiment and pursuit. To this brother, who had so often been his unsuccessful negociator at the theatres, he committed the care of bringing the piece on the stage, having received a promise from the manager that it should be performed.

For a mind like his, the court of Chancery had few charms ; nor did he follow his profession with that zeal which can this way acquire wealth and fame ; but he loved independence, had a just sense of duty, and was punctual, while in health, in attending at the office. His mind indeed might be absent, and when he left the place he ceased to think of such business.

The Pharo Table was chiefly written in bed, during illness, in the year 1795 ; and his other pieces, between the hours of nine and twelve, after his return from Lincoln's Inn. He frequently composed while walking the streets, and especially songs, which he usually committed to writing when he came home. Animated by society and enjoying rational conversation, yet, as solitude never displeased him, he did not anxiously seek company ; though always happy to see a few valued friends, their absence was never perceptible. Unruffled by the accidents of life, possessed of fortitude not easily shaken, and with a mind never unemployed, he was

subject to no fits of weariness. "He was altogether the happiest man I ever knew." Though the progress of the disease alarmed him, he contemplated death without fear or superstition. Hope and fancy pictured to him his future success on the stage, while his bodily powers were wasting and his energies daily on the decline. "He died without a groan." While at Falmouth, he revised some of his works, and wrote notes on Shakespeare, intending to contribute to a new edition of our immortal bard. Two of his unfinished plays it was his intention to complete in the West-Indies. A constant reader of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the writers of that age, he was no less an admirer of Farquar and some of his cotemporaries. He also read some Spanish comedies, but found little to admire, except the ingenuity of their plots. Genuine comedy he supposed might yet find support from the publick, and a better taste be revived, notwithstanding the mercenary motives by which it continues to be depraved. Deeply sensible of the moral influence of the drama, he scorned to flatter the base prejudices or the sickly imaginations of the great vulgar or the small.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 1.

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It is our intention, under this head, occasionally to devote a few pages to the notice of new or scarce publications. We shall

not attempt to review with critical exactness, or to animadvert upon any work as censurable; but give such general remarks as will best discover the genius and design of the author, and make a selection of the most remarkable passages.

In prosecuting this design, we begin with "*The Sabbath and Sabbath Walks, by James Grahame;*" published at Edinburgh, 1805; a poem, which, for smoothness and harmony of numbers, elegance of diction, and purity of sentiment, may be numbered among the noblest efforts of modern poets. Passages of uncommon beauty frequently occur through the whole poem. The calmness of the Sabbath morning is thus elegantly described in the first paragraph.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;

While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

The following lines are descriptive of the town mechanick's morning walk: many a labouring man will assent to their propriety.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanick now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on HIM, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

The sound of bells and the crowd proceeding to church are next described. The interval before the service begins, and the Scottish service, are thus piously delineated.

A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read th' anointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow,—his brow serene,—his look
Of love, it speaks, "Ye are my children all,
The grey-haired man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."
Loud swells the song: O how that simple song,
Tho' rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul, in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust.

Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breath'd from the inmost heart in accents low,
But earnest.—Alter'd is the tone; to man
Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue. ——
—— But hark, that infant querulous voice!
Plaint, not discordant to a parent's ear:
And see the father raise the white-rob'd babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord:
The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of HIM
Who said, *Let little children come to me: Forbid them not.*

In a future number we shall make some further extracts from this poem. We would observe, however, that to see *all* its beauties, the *whole* of it must be read. We only endeavour to select the most striking. J.

SKETCHES OF CRITICISM.

[*From D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."*]

.....

Yes, should Great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead!

THE greatest authors of antiquity have smarted under the lash of Criticism. Chevrau has collected a great number of instances. Lest I should prove tedious, I only select a few.

It was given out, that Homer had stolen from Hesiod whatever was most remarkable

in the Iliad and Odyssey. The Emperor Caligula suppressed the works of this great poet: and gave for reason, that he certainly had as much right as Plato, who had so severely condemned him.

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatick: and some who blamed the inequalities of this poet, have also condemned the vanity of Pindar; the hard and rough verses of Æschylus; and the manner in which Euripides conducted his plots.

Socrates, who has even been compared to Jesus Christ, as the wisest and the most moral of men, Cicero has treated as a usurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate person. Mr. Cumberland, in one of his Observers, has industriously revived a calumny which most assuredly only took its rise from the malignant buffoonery of Aristophanes; who, as Jortin says, was a great wit, but a great rascal. Should some future author draw his anecdotes from the writings of a Foote, we know well that he might delineate a spirited character; but nothing, at the same time, would be more fictitious.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moses of Athens; the Philosopher of the Christians, by Arnobius; and the God of Philosophers, by Cicero; has undergone a variety of criticisms. Athenæus accuses him of envy; Theopompus of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gelli-

us, of robbery ; Porphyry, of incontinence ; and Aristophanes, of impiety.

Aristotle, who, according to some writers, has composed more than four hundred volumes, and who for his work on animals received from Alexander eight hundred talents, has not been less spared by the criticks. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to show his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

If the reader does not feel himself weary he may read on.

Virgil is destitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has absolutely denied him even mediocrity ; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume with his plagiarisms. Even the author of his Apology has confessed, that he has stolen from Homer his greatest beauties.

Horace censures the coarse humour of Plautus ; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for fiction and obscurity.

The majority of the criticks regard Pliny's History only as a pleasing romance ; and seem to have quite as little respect for Quintus Curtius.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus ; and, in one comprehensive criticism, treats all the historians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his aversion to the Gauls ; Dion, for his hatred of the Republick ; Velleius Paterculus, for speak-

ing too kindly of the vices of Tiberius ; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their excessive partiality to their own country. Others have said of Cicero, that there is no connection, and, to adopt their own figure, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers so warmly extol. They say, he is cold in his extemporaneous effusions, too artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his strained witticisms, and tiresome in his digressions.

Quintilian does not spare Seneca; and Demosthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has, according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured : others have thought him too dry ; and, if we may trust Eschines, his language is by no means pure.

Should we proceed with this list to our own country, and our own times, it might be curiously augmented ; but, perhaps, enough has been said, to soothe irritated genius, and to shame fastidious criticism. "I would beg the criticks to remember," the Earl of Roscommon writes, in his Preface to his Version of Horace's Art of Poetry, "that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them ; and that, in their Golden Age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured." I would hope, in spite of the daily cries we

hear from disappointed writers, that those journalists, whose style and sentiments render them respectable in the eyes of every man of letters, maintain with rigid integrity the fountains of criticism pure and incorrupt. They cannot be insensible that their volumes are not merely read, and then forgotten; but that they will remain as surviving witnesses, for or against them, from century to century.

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who waits till *all* commend."

GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

.....

HONOUR the immortal Gods, conformably to the established laws; and honour an oath: then the memory of departed great men. Honour also the wise and virtuous of living characters; and thy parents and nearest relatives.

OF mankind, make him thy friend who is most virtuous. To all his kind exhortations be ever attentive, and imitate his honourable and useful actions. Be not estranged from him for slight faults; for where necessity urges, our power is considerable.

ACCUSTOM thyself to restrain the passions of gluttony, indolence, lust and anger.

COMMIT no act of dishonour, either in company or in private.

ABOVE all things reverence thyself. Exercise justice in word and deed, and let reason direct the most trifling action of thy life. Remember, that to die is the destiny of man; and that riches avail little, for they are acquired to be soon lost.

WHATEVER evils thou mayest undergo, bear them patiently, endeavouring to discover a remedy. And let this reflection console thee, that fate does not distribute much of evil to good men.

MEN apply the art of reasoning to good and bad purposes; listen, therefore, with caution, and be not hasty to admit or reject. If any one assert an untruth, arm thyself with patience, and be silent.

BE careful, on every occasion, that thou be not seduced by any one's words or actions, nor ever be influenced to say or do what is wrong.

THINK warily before thou actest, that no folly ensue. To speak and act inconsiderately induces misery. Do that of which thou wilt have no cause of repentance.

ENGAGE not in any thing which thou dost not understand.

ACQUIRE useful knowledge, and thy life will be rendered pleasant.

BE attentive to the preservation of thy health; observing a proper measure, in drink, meat, and exercise: I mean by measure such a portion of each as will not prejudice thee.

ACCUSTOM thyself to a neat and decent way of living, without luxury ; and avoid exciting envy in others.

Do not spend unseasonably, like some who aim at grandeur. Neither be sordid and niggardly : mediocrity is best in all things.

INJURE not thyself by any misconduct, considering well before thou actest.

CLOSE not thy eye-lids till thou hast reviewed the actions of the past day. In what respect have I acted wrong ? How have I been employed ? What have I neglected to do ? Begin in this manner, from thy first action, and proceed. If thou hast acquitted thyself ill, be afflicted ; if well, rejoice.

LABOUR in these things ; meditate on them, love them. They will lead thee into the path of true virtue. Yes, I swear it, by him who transmitted into our soul the sacred Quaternian, the fountain of eternal nature. Then proceed to thy work, having prayed to the Gods that thou mayest finish it.

WHEN this habit is become familiar to thee thou wilt perceive the constitution of the immortal Gods, and of mortal men ; even the extent of being, and in what manner it exists. Thou wilt perceive that nature in her operations is uniform, and thou wilt expect only what is possible. Thou wilt perceive that mankind willingly draw upon themselves evil. Wretches ! they neither see nor understand what it is wise to prefer ; and when entangled, are ignorant of the means of escape. Such is the destiny of man. They

are subjected to evils without end, and are agitated incessantly, like rolling stones. A fatal contention ever secretly pursues them, which they neither endeavour to subdue, nor yield to.

GREAT Jove! Father of Men! O free them from those evils, or discover to them the demon they employ! But be of good cheer, for the race of man is divine. Nature discovers to them her hidden mysteries, in which, if thou art interested, and attain this knowledge, thou wilt obtain, with ease, all I enjoin; and having healed thy soul, thou wilt preserve it from evil.

ABSTAIN, moreover, from those unclean and foul meats which are forbidden, keeping thy body pure, and thy soul free.

CONSIDER all things well, governing thyself by reason, and setting it in the uppermost place. And when thou art divested of thy mortal body, and arrivest in the most pure æther, thou shalt be exalted among the immortal Gods, be incorruptible, and never more know death.

PRAYER OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

NOT unto men, but unto thee, the God of all being, of all worlds, and of all ages, do I address myself; if feeble creatures, lost in thy immensity, and imperceptible to the rest of the universe, may presume to ask of thee any

thing; of thee who hast given all; of thee whose decrees are unchangeable, as they are eternal; condescend to look in pity on the errours which are inseparable from our nature, and let them not be to us the grouud of calamity. Thou hast not given us hearts to hate one another, nor hands to cut each other's throats: grant that we mutually assist one another to support the burden of a painful and a transitory life; let not the little differences between the vestments that cover our feeble bodies, between our defective languages, between our ridiculous customs, between our many imperfect laws, between our many foolish opinions, between our several conditions, so unequal in our eyes and so equal in thine; let not the many little distinctions that denote the several classes of atoms called men be signals of hatred and persecution. May those who light up wax tapers at noon day to celebrate thee bear with those who are content with the light of the sun which thou hast placed in the firmament. Let not those who, to tell us we must love thee, cover their robes with white linen, hold in detestation those who tell us the same thing in a cloak of black woollen. May it be the same to adore thee in a jargon formed from an ancient language, or in a jargon more modern. May those whose vesture is died with red or with purple, who rule over a small parcel of a small heap of the mud of this earth, and who possess some round bits of a certain metal, enjoy

without pride what they call grandeur and riches, and may others behold them without envy: for thou knowest that in these vanities, there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of. May all men remember that they are brethren, and may they abhor the tyrany that is exercised over the mind, as they execrate the violence that takes by force the fruit of labour and peaceful industry. If the scourge of war be necessary, let us not hate, let us not devour each other in the midst of peace; but let us employ our momentary existence in blessing equally, in a thousand different languages, from Siam to California, thy goodness, which has given us this momentary existence.

EFFUSION OF A MELANCHOLY HOUR.

Σκοπησαμενος ευρισκον ουδαμως αν αλλως ὅτος διαπραξαμενος....ISOCR.

The world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded publick animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters,—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily

subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable than those attendant on friend-making.—Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance, and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awk-

ward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which cost him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done; certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time, that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my enquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before—that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curs-

es did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superiour, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanest of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship, If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven year's ap-

prentice to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayest in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at a taylor's board. Perriwig makers have been known to buy their country seats, and bellows menders have started their curricles; but seldom, very seldom, has the man, who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow men, arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldest find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment by his assistance thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?*

* By the word mob here, the author does not mean to include merely the lower classes. In the present acceptation, it takes in a great part of the mob of quality: men who are either too ignorant, or too much taken up with base and grovelling pursuits, to have room for any of the more amiable affections.

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind, fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive ; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastick ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse ; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart, formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat ; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider, and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand, than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind ;—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as *dear* a friend as any I possess ; and,

when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

ON POPULAR WRITINGS.

THE greatest part of the works which the publick esteem at present, have only arrived by degrees at that universal approbation, (*e. g.* Shakespeare). A success too brilliant at the first, affords but a sad augur for its continuance, and only proves the mediocrity of the work. Beauties which are within the reach of all the world, immediately make their impression ; *great* beauties are often less striking, and it is rare that a work of the first merit, obtains, at the beginning, the suffrage of a great number. It is only a few who are able at once to feel the force of singular excellence : but by degrees the false glare which dazzled at the first, begins to wear off, and men gradually discover beauties that at first escaped their notice. This discovery occasions an agreeable surprize. They re-

turn to the subject, and discover still more; so that their admiration continues to augment from day to day.

PHILIP THE THIRD.

PHILIP the Third, King of Spain, was a weak prince, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism, heard in a corrupted court, would have become a crime never to have been pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table, one day, a letter, sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book, with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father; which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

AMERICA.

"IT is computed, by able writers," says Lord Kaimes, "that the present inhabitants of America amount not to a twentieth part of those who existed when that conti-

nent was discovered by Columbus. This decay is ascribed to the intemperate use of *spirits*, and to the *small-pox*, both of them introduced by the Europeans." He seems to have forgotten that they are indebted to *us* also for "the intemperate use" of the *sword*, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practised by the religious and avaricious Spaniards, which certainly are not less destructive than the contagion of the small-pox, or the poison of spirituous liquors.

We may also add another proof of European humanity. A plantation in Jamaica, which employs a *hundred* slaves, requires an annual recruit of no fewer than *seven*, who fall the yearly victims to the cruelties of the lower overseers, who follow them all day with whips!

Bartholomew Casa affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, destroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human souls! and this with a view of converting these unfortunate men to Christianity. He tells us that they hanged those unhappy men *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apostles!* And they also gave their infants to be devoured by their *dogs!* There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, a Franciscan Friar persuaded him to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. The Indian asked him—'Whether there were any *Spaniards* in heaven?'—'Certainly,' the Friar answered; 'it is full of them.'—'Then,' the last words of the dying Indian

were, 'I had rather go to hell, than have any more of their company!'

Curiosities of Literature.

THE PROGRESS OF OLD AGE IN NEW STUDIES.

Socrates learnt to play on musical instruments in his old age: Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French Poetry, applied himself late to study; but by the acuteness of his genius, and continual application, he rivalled those poetick models which he admired.

One John Gelida, a Spaniard, commenced the studies of polite literature at forty.

Henry Spelman, having neglected the Sciences in his youth, cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit.

Fairfax, after having been General of the parliamentary forces, retired to Oxford to take his degrees in law.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the Chancellor of France, learnt logick, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grand-children.

Dryden's most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. But on this head, the Marquis de Saint Aulaire may be regarded as a prodigy: at the age of seventy he began to court the Muses, and they crowned him with their sweetest flowers. His verses are full of fire, of delicacy, and sweetness. Voltaire says, that Anacreon, less old, produced less charming compositions. The observation is not unjust. *Ibid.*

HELL.

THE Cardinal Bellarmin, in his Treatise *du Purgatoire*, seems to be as familiarly acquainted with the secret tracks and the formidable divisions of "*the bottomless pit*," as Swedenburg was with the streets and bye-corners of "*the New Jerusalem.*"

He informs us that there are, beneath the earth, four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. He says that the deepest place is *Hell;* which contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the resurrection, and where likewise will be inclosed all the demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory*, where souls are purged; or, rather, where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says, that the same fires, and the same torments, alike afflict in both these places; and that the only difference between Hell and Purgatory consists in their duration. Next

to Purgatory is the *Limbo* of those *Infants* who die without having received the Sacrament: and the fourth place is the *Limbo* of the *Fathers*; that is to say, of those Just Men who died before the death of Jesus Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer this last division is empty; so that here is an apartment to be let!

Such ideas are the *tenets* which some, from the dawn of their reason, entertain with religious veneration. It has even been acknowledged by the bigots, that the more ridiculous, or the more unintelligible, may be the subject for belief, the greater merit it is to receive it without hesitation. Men have persuaded themselves, that what bears the strongest evidence of falsehood, is the sacred truth of a paternal Deity. And it had been well, if, on speculative points, they had only *differed* with their more rational or innocent fellow-creatures. But these bigots have written, in the warm *blood* of humanity, the articles of their faith. They have reared an altar to Superstition, on which they have not sacrificed the Scape-Goat, or the Paschal Lamb; but they have plunged the sacerdotal knife into the bosom of their fellow-creatures. They have agonized the individual with the flaming *Auto da fés* of the Inquisition: with a more dreadful scope they have sent thousands, with the sword of the Crusade, to spread desolation in parts which had never till then heard of their name; and, gratifying at once their avarice and their

religion, cities have been razed, and millions of inoffensive men swept from the face of the earth, because it had pleased Providence to place in their countries mines of gold and seas of pearl.

Prudentius, a Christian Poet, whose verse is not so much the inspiration of the muse, as the effusions of the saint, (indeed he began to write verse so late as fifty) has given us several circumstances concerning Hell, though it is rather difficult to guess where he got his intelligence. He tells us for a certain fact, that the damned have every year one day of repose; and that is, the day when Jesus Christ issued from Hell. He consoles us also, by informing us that God does not take offence lightly; so that Hell is not so crowded as it is imagiued.

Cicero assures us, that there was not an old woman in his time who lent any faith to the torments of Hell; and on this occasion he observes, that Fabulous Traditions weaken in the course of time, but that time serves to establish Truth: and that it is to this reason we must attribute the long and the growing veneration which is rendered to the Gods. Bayle supplies me with this observation.

Ibid.

ENCHANTED TAPESTRY.

About the year 1526, the Portuguese attempted to settle at Borneo. Too feeble to make their arms respected, they tried to gain the good-will of one of the Sovereigns of the

country, by offering him some Tapestry. This weak Prince took the figures wrought on it for *enchanted men*, who would strangle him in the night time, if he suffered them to approach his person. The explanations they gave to remove his apprehensions had no effect: he obstinately refused to permit the present to be brought into his palace; and at the same time, prohibited the donors from entering his capital. Had his Majesty been acquainted with the Æneid of Virgil, he might have exclaimed what, for the benefit of the Ladies, we shall give in Dryden's version—

Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force:
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse!

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

.....

THIS distinguished officer in the American revolution was born at Salem, Massachusetts, Jan. 7, 1718. His father, Capt. Joseph Putnam, emigrated from the south of England, and was one of the first intrepid settlers of New-England. Our hero, by a regular gradation of promotion became the senior Major-General in the army of the United States, and next in military rank to the illustrious Washington.

Thus we behold him, from the humble walks of life, starting suddenly in the career of fame, by his personal merit. His early instruction was but slender, and the active scenes of life, in which he was afterwards engaged, prevented the opportunity of much literary acquirements. He had a peculiar *laconick* mode of expression; and his numerous original letters, though deficient in grammatical accuracy, yet always displayed the benevolence of his heart, and the strength of native genius.

He possessed a vigorous constitution; uncommonly great bodily strength, hardiness, activity, and perseverance.

Courage and enterprize were conspicuous characteristicks of Putnam's heroick mind. There is a species of mechanical courage, derived from pride, habit or discipline, that may urge a coward, not only to perform his duty, but even to venture upon acts of heroism. Putnam's courage was of a different kind. It was ever attended with a degree of self-possession, a serenity of soul, a clearness of conception, and a superiority to all the vicissitudes of fortune, entirely distinct from any thing that can be produced by the ferment of blood and flutter of spirits, which frequently urge men to action, when stimulated by intoxication.—The heroick character, thus formed on the strength of constitution and animal spirits, cherished by education and warm ideas of personal freedom, confirmed temperance and early habits

of exercise; was completed by the dictates of reason, the love of country, and an invincible sense of duty. Such were the qualities and principles that enabled him to meet unappalled the shafts of adversity, and to pass with triumph through various trying scenes.

His disposition was as frank and generous, as his mind was fearless and independent. He disguised nothing. Perhaps in the intercourse which he was ultimately obliged to have with an artful world, his sincerity, on some occasions, outwent his discretion. Although he had too much suavity in his nature to commence a quarrel, he had too much sensibility not to feel, and too much honour not to resent an intended insult. The first time he went to Boston, he was insulted for his rusticity by a boy twice his size and age; after bearing the sarcasms, until his patience was quite worn out, he challenged, engaged and vanquished his insolent antagonist, to the great diversion of a crowd of spectators. Even while a stripling, his ambition was to perform the labour of a man, and to excel in athletick diversions. In that rude but masculine age, when the youth of the village assembled on their usual festivity; pitching the bar, running, leaping and wrestling were favourite amusements. At such gymnastick exercises, he bore the palm from almost every circle.

Mr. Putnam, before he attained the age of 24, married Miss Pope, daughter of Mr.

John Pope, of Salem, by whom he had ten children. Death, in 1764, carried off the amiable wife of his youth. Shortly after he married a Mrs. Gardner, by whom he had no issue. She died in 1777.

In 1734, Mr. Putnam removed from Salem to Pomfret, in Connecticut; about 40 miles from Hartford; at which place he purchased a farm of considerable extent, and applied himself with great success to agriculture.

In 1755, Mr. Putnam (then 37 years of age) was appointed captain in Lyman's Regiment of Provincials, being the first that was levied by that Province. He was extremely popular, and soon raised his compliment of recruits, from the most respectable and enterprizing young men in his neighbourhood. The regiment joined the army near Crown-Point, at the opening of the campaign. Shortly after Capt. Putnam's arrival at the army, he became acquainted with the famous Captain Rogers (afterwards Major.) A corps of rangers were formed from the regulars, to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, surprize their advanced pickets, &c. The command of these rangers was given to Captains Rogers and Putnam. It happened that the latter was the means of saving the former's life. They were detached to obtain as accurate a knowledge as possible of the state of the works, &c. of Crown-Point. They advanced so near the fort as to gain their object. Capt. Rogers

being at some distance from his colleague, chanced to meet a stout Frenchman, who seized his fuzee and attempted to stab him, calling at the same time to a guard close by, for aid. Putnam seeing the great danger his friend was in, ran to them, and dispatched the Frenchman with the but end of his gun.

The active services of Captain Putnam on every occasion attracted greatly the admiration of the publick, and accordingly, the Legislature of the State promoted him to a Majority in 1757.

The defeat before Ticonderoga took place in 1758; General Abercrombie, the British Commander in America, conducted the expedition. His army amounted to sixteen thousand men, including the Provincials, well supplied with artillery and military stores. They passed over Lake George, and landed, without opposition, at the place of their destination. The troops advanced in columns. The gallant Lord Howe, having Major Putnam with him, was in the front of the centre. A body of 500 men, the advance party of the French army, which fled at first, began now to skirmish with our left. "Putnam," said Lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, but with your Lordship's leave, will go and see." "I will accompany you," said the brave young nobleman. Major Putnam in vain attempted to dissuade him by saying, "My Lord, if I am slain, the loss of my life

will be of small consequence; but the preservation of yours is of great importance to this army." The reply was, Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go. 100 of the van, under Putnam, marched off with Lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advanced, by whose first fire his Lordship fell! His loss was truly felt, and especially in the operations which took place three days afterwards. His affability, polished manners, and his virtues, made him truly admired by the whole army. Nothing could more animate the men with the impetuosity of rage, and perseverance of revenge, than the sight of such a *beloved hero*, fallen in his country's cause. It had the effect. Putnam's party cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and charged them so furiously in the rear, that they killed about three hundred of them on the spot, and took one hundred and fifty prisoners. In the mean time, through the ignorance of the guides, some of our columns got bewildered, the left wing seeing Putnam's party in their front, advanced over the dead bodies towards them, and commenced a heavy fire, which killed a non-commissioned officer and a number of privates. Nor could they be convinced of their mistake, until Major Putnam, preferring (if Heaven so ordered it) the loss of his own life to the loss of the lives of his brave associates, ran

through the midst of the flying balls, and prevented the impending havock.

Putnam's tender feelings taught him to regard an unfortunate vanquished foe, and to strive, by every lenient art in his power, to alleviate the miseries of war. He remained on the field of battle until dark, employed in collecting such of the enemy as were left wounded, to one place; and gave them all the liquor and little refreshments which he could procure; furnishing each with a blanket: under a French serjeant, who was badly wounded through the body, he put three blankets, and placed him in an easy posture against a tree. The poor fellow could only squeeze his hand with an expressive grasp of gratitude. "Ah," said Major Putnam, "depend upon it, my brave soldier, you shall be brought to the camp as soon as possible, and the same care shall be taken of you as if you were my brother." The next morning, Major Rogers was sent to reconnoitre the field, and to bring off the wounded prisoners—But, finding them unable to help themselves, in order to save trouble, said this *civilized savage*, he dispatched every one of them to the world of spirits! Putnam's philanthropick heart was not the only one that bled. The British and Provincials, who were informed of this horrible and unwarrantable act of cruelty, were struck with horrour and inexpressible regret.

[*To be continued.*]

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

BARRY the actor, who died at the beginning of 1779, and whose name well deserves to be preserved, was perhaps in no part so excellent as in that of Romeo; for which he was particularly fitted, by a superiority of demeanour, an uncommonly handsome and commanding person, and a silver-toned voice. At the time that he attracted the town to Covent Garden, by his excellent performance of this part, Garrick found it absolutely necessary to divide the attention of the publick, by performing himself at Drury Lane. He wanted the natural advantages of Barry, and, great as he was, would perhaps have willingly avoided such a contention. This at least seems to have been a prevailing opinion; for in the garden scene, when Juliet in soliloquy exclaims—

Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

an auditor archly replied aloud—*Because Barry is gone to the other house.*

MANY anecdotes have been told of persons wholly absorbed and lost in the illusion of the scene. A woman in the gallery, when the tragedy of Essex was acted, knowing from the story that Essex must die, since the Countess of Nottingham would not give the ring, which the woman had seen the countess hide, exclaimed in agony—*She has got it in her bosom!*

MADEMOISELLE Dumesnil, an actress at Paris about the middle of the last century, was performing the part of Cleopatra. In the fifth act, her imprecations are almost horrible: among others she exclaims, in the excess of rage,

Je maudirais les Dieux, s'ils me rendoient le jour.
I'd curse the Gods, were they to give me life.

"Get to the devil, vile hussey!" exclaimed an old officer, sitting on the front seat of the stage box, and at the same time giving her a push on the back. For a while, this act of delirium interrupted the performance. When the noise ceased, Mademoiselle turned and thanked the officer for having given her the most flattering mark of applause she had ever received.

HAMLET excepted, it is doubtful whether any tragick character is more difficult, for an actor truly to personate, than Macbeth. The following is an abstract of the account, which Mr. Davies gives, in his Micellanies, of different actors in that part—Betterton is celebrated, in the Tattler, as being excellent in Macbeth; but Cibber makes no particular mention of him in that character, which he acted to the very verge of life. Mills afterward obtained it of Wilkes; but he was heavy and dull. Quin was monotonous. Mossop wanted variety and ease. Barry had too much amenity for the terrible agonies of Macbeth. Garrick alone could comprehend and execute the complicated passions of this

character: from the meeting of the witches to the last scene, he was animated and consistent: the impressions made upon his mind by those supernatural hags were at all times visible. Wilkes had improperly given the part to Mills, whilst Booth and Powel were doomed to the characters of Banquo and Lenox. One evening, a country Squire, being heartily tired with Mills, seeing his bottle companion, Powel, appear in the fourth act, loudly called—"For God's sake, George, give me a speech and let me go home."

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, plays were performed by the children of the Chapel Royal, and one boy (Sal Pavy) *who died in his thirteenth year*, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson wrote the following epitaph on him:

Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

Weepe with me, all you that read
This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive,
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he numbred scarce thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he beene
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we mone)
Old men so duely
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So, by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas too late)
They have repented.
And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steepe him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vowes to keepe him.

This celebrated child was an original performer in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

AN ESSAY
ON THE MERITS OF CLIFTON,
THE AMERICAN POET.

.....

It has been observed, by Mr. Joseph Warton, that Wit and Satire are transitory and perishable; but Nature and Passion are eternal. If this position wanted confirmation, I know no stronger proof that could be adduced, than the fate of the Poetry of Mr. Clifton; his *Group*, *Chimeriad*, and *Jacobin's Descent*, are no longer recurred to; but his *Mary* and *Flight of Fancy* will be read while the human breast retains feeling.

I have always considered the "Mary" of this youthful poet, as an effusion that richly deserves to be called exquisite.—I do not think the whole compass of English poetry can supply a little piece more delicately tender. To mutilate it were a species of profanation: I will transcribe the whole.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose from the vale,
To bind the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seiz'd his hand, and ah! she cried,
Wilt thou, to camps and war a ſtranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger!

Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear, and bless thee!

The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland ſoldier's call to battle;
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannon's rattle.

She said—and as the rose appears
In sun-shine when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover.

There is not a line in this little poem that does not bear the impression of genius and taste; the sentiments make a strong appeal to the heart, and the numbers glide in the stream of melody.

In the "Flight of Fancy," Mr. Clitton has displayed some of those creative powers which are the *sine qua non* of the poet. In several quatrains he is remarkable for his delicacy and elegance, and there is one sublime. *Ut pictura poesis* is a maxim faithfully observed in this poem. A few passages will evince this: the poet thus describes the retirement he covets.

Extended wide, the diverse scene
My happy casement shall command,
The busy farm, the pasture green,
And tufts where shelter'd hamlets stand.

The fairies thro' my walks shall roam,
And sylphs inhabit every tree ;
Come Ariel, subtlest spirit, come,
I'll find a blossom there for thee.

From crag to crag, with devious sweep,
Some frantick flood shall headlong go,
And bursting o'er the dizzy steep,
Shall slumber in the lake below.

The muse shall hail, at peep of dawn,
Melodiously, the coming day ;
At eve her song shall sooth the lawn,
And with the mountain echoes play.

'Tis mine ! 'tis mine ! the sacred grove,
Where truth and beauty may recline ;
The sweet resort of many a love,
Monimia, come, and make it thine.

For thee the bursting buds are ripe,
The whistling robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe,
Will not my lov'd Monimia hear ?

A fawn I'll bring thee gentle maid,
To gambol round thy pleasant door ;
I'll cull thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade ;
What shall I say to tempt thee more ?

Who, on reading those verses, does not lament that editions are multiplied in our cities of the works of the drivelling Strangford, and the prurient Moore, while the productions of Clifton, who possesses a thousand times more passion, without ever outstepping the boundaries of modesty, lie on the peaceful shelf of the bookseller.—*O mores !*

THE MINSTREL.

TO SENSIBILITY.

HAIL, nymph of sweetly tender thought!
Lov'd source of bliss, with rapture fraught,
Of sympathetick woe;
O come, within my throbbing heart,
Bid love reside, or grief impart
Soft Pity's melting throe.

For, mid her deep distastrous scene,
Thou lov'st to show thy pensive mien,
Thy dewy glist'ning eye,
And mid wild Mis'ry's naked shed
To lie, and, weeping, raise her head,
And heave the plaintive sigh.

Blest be that hour, forever blest,
When first my lenient hand repress'd
The pang of fell despair;
When first, whilst thou convuls'd my frame,
In artless garb the muses came,
With sweet and winning air.

Then rush'd upon my thrilling soul
Those scenes that, form'd by Fancy, roll,
Athwart the poet's view;
What time, when fire-ey'd Rapture raves,
Deep, deep, his ample spirit laves
Amid Aonian dew.

Thou know'st, dear maid! from early youth,
To thee I've vow'd eternal truth,
Each trembling pulse is thine;
To thee first lisp'd my accents rude,
And oft my starting tear bedew'd
Thy lowly moss-built shrine.

Here, as the bard, with drooping wreath
Lone seeks the dewy vale to breathe
Deep Sorrow's plaintive lay,
Slow from the sad complaining breeze,
Thy form, soft blushing, rapt he sees
Each melting charm display.

Thine eyes with pity fraught, and love,
Amid whose blue, quick-glancing, rove
Warm Hope and young Desire;
While oft as Pleasure rose to view,
Bright beaming, from their orbits flew
Wild Rapture's sweetest fire.

Thy cheek, with roseate bloom suffus'd,
Thy lip, whose ruby tint diffus'd
Pure quintessence of bliss,
Where ever waits sincerity,
Soft love, and eager ecstacy,
The balmy fragrant kiss.

Thine hair, of lightly auburn hue,
That floating o'er thy bosom drew
Its wildly wanton way,
Or down thy shoulders clust'ring hung,
Or to the whisp'ring zephyrs flung,
In sport and am'rous play.

Thy limbs, in snowy vest array'd,
Oft chastely, through the folds, display'd,
Tho' bound with roseate zone:
Thine hand, o'er which was careless flung
Th' Æolian harp, sad warbling, strung
To love's pathetick tone.

Whose sounds so melancholy roll,
So sweet, so tender o'er the soul,
Expressive all and wild,
Struck by the beings of the air,
Now swell'd to love, to grief, despair,
Now sunk to pity mild.

Oh, lovely maid ! to thee belong
The deeply moving plaintive song,
The sad, the tearful tale ;
To thee, the virgin's soft desire,
To thee, the youth's bold am'rous fire,
And Mis'ry's frantick wail.

Inspir'd by thee, sung Pella's bard,*
Blest with thy favour'd, fond regard,
His woe-empassion'd lay :
See, the lov'd, faithful, tender wife !
Ah ! see, she faints ! the breath of life,
Yet panting, hastes away.

Dead in her husband's arms she lies !
O hark ! what loud, what lab'ring sighs
Upheave his troubled breast :
Ah ! cease, thou lovely child ! nor shriek,
Come kiss, O kiss her clay-cold cheek,
Still to his bosom prest.

Thou too mid Otway's scenes display'd
Thy charming, vital, heavenly aid,
Thy soul-distracting song ;
Still on wild Arun's sedgy side,
Sweet melancholy voices glide
At eve the woods along.

For there in thine and Pity's cave,
Wash'd by the gentle murm'ring wave,
Ye nurs'd his infant years :
Oft would he rove the shadowy plain,
Sad Arun heard the pensive strain,
And caught his trickling tears.

And thine, Rousseau's love-breathing thought,
With tender trembling ardour fraught,
With soft, tumultuous bliss :

* Euripides.

She burns, she faints, delicious death !
Caught from her lover's balmy breath,
From the warm, eager kiss.

Bear me to Claren's hallow'd grove,
Where, blushing, you and rapture rove,
Deep hid from lawless view,
Where oft the rosy sighing maid
Sought fondly the embow'ring shade,
To love's blest influence due.

Sweet Sensibility ! best friend !
Haste, haste, thy footsteps hither bend,
And all thy soul impart ;
Dear to my humble breast art thou,
Dear as the ruddy drops that flow
From my sad, flutt'ring heart.

Ah me ! if e'er I prove unkind,
If e'er forget thy wounds to bind,
Thy wretched to relieve,
May dull oblivion wrap my head,
And dead to joy, to pity dead,
My bosom cease to heave.

SONNET.

FROM THE FORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

[The earliest and happiest years of the life of Camoens were passed at Coimbra. The walls of that town were bathed by the river Mondego, to which this beautiful Sonnet is addressed.—*Translator.*]

MONDEGO ! thou, whose waters cold and clear
Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When hope was kind, and Friendship seem'd sincere ;
—Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear ;

—Mondego ! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still—nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear ;
And Memory oft, by old Affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear !

CANZONET.

FROM THE SAME.

[Our poet has managed this trite and common sentiment in his happiest manner. Nothing is more frequent in Provencal poetry than gay and romantick descriptions of spring, "wherein eche thynge reneweth, saue onelie the Louer."—*Trans.*]

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing ;
Winds are soft, and skies serene ;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope, that buds in Lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years ;
Time makes love itself depart,
Time and scorn congeal the mind ;
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears !

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter-snow,
Winds be soft, and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain,
But again
Blighted love shall never blow !

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

GAZE not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait;
Now, while thou can'st, the danger fly,
Nor dare, like me, to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
Awe-struck, as Persians at the sun;
My bosom own'd their instant power,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air with winged force
And deadly aim the bullet flies;
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warriour feels it, and he dies.

SONNET WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

YE disembodied spirits, who have past
Of this dim earth the feverish turmoil;
If, not in inner-heaven enthron'd—awhile
Ye wander, viewless, through the starry vast,
And pitying, see by changeful passion's blast
Rude-tempested, or wrung by force or guile,
The feeble dwellers on this thorny soil,
Till friendly death the conflict end at last;
Tell, if ye may, what cares, what pleasures wait
The ethereal essence from encumbering dust
Releas'd, to seek on high its destin'd state:
Vain wish! ye hear not, or the ever just
Forbids the wondrous story to relate;
Peace then, my soul! adore, and humbly trust!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE UNFORTUNATE RICHARD SAVAGE.

CLOS'D are those eyes that beam'd seraphick fire;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire:

Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where musick melted, and where wisdom charm'd;
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth;
Persuasive reason and endearing truth;
Could honour, shown in friendships most refin'd,
And sense that shields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The social temper never known to strife,
The heightening graces that embellish life;
Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never, had Melinda died:
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

"SAY, pensive stranger, wherefore discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul?
Why on the ground are all thy glances bent?
Why does stern grief thy mournful breast control?
Say, dost thou groan beneath oppression's hand?
Hast thou of poverty's sad potion drank?
Or hast thou fled, for crimes, thy native land?"
—"O no! but, d—n it, sir, I've drawn a blank!"

THE WISH.

I WISH not for riches, I wish not for fame;
The first is mere pelf, and the second a name:
In ambition's fierce stream I wish not to be carried—
What wish you for then?—Why, I wish to be married.

THE DRAMA.

"See the players well bestowed—let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time."

Shakespeare.

.....

BOSTON THEATRE.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY.

A Comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald.

On Monday, Dec. 2, this piece first appeared. Though "an excellent play, well digested in the scenes," it "pleased not the million," and was laid aside after the fourth representation.

The title precisely expresses the tendency of the piece: the struggle of a man, with himself, concerning marriage. There is an elegant simplicity in the general plan and conduct of it, which, could it have been entirely preserved, would have given it a very high value; but some of the frivolous circumstances attending Willowwear, Lady Susan, and other parts, are to the spectator, and must be to the reader, so many insipidities that divert the mind from the story, without the power of affording any adequate amusement; but, as they are not often intruded, Mrs. Inchbald no doubt had a latent consciousness of their true nature. There are many vapid follies which have not sufficient force to excite attention when noticed either in life or exhibited on the stage, and on

these dramatick writers too frequently rest the success of their productions. Mrs. Inchbald has rather chosen to depend on the everlasting sources of passion, mingled with the no less everlasting sources of prejudice, from the due mixture of which all humour, wit, satire, and passion result. Sound judgment, a refined taste, and delicacy of feeling, have generally been her guides; for whose sake the deviations into which she has occasionally strayed, though they should not be overlooked, should freely be pardoned.

The characters of the piece were uncommonly well supported. Mr. Cooper displayed much excellence in the part of *Sir Oswyn*; and it may be doubted whether he has ever appeared to more advantage in comedy. Mrs. Darley played *Hester* in a style that would persuade the most inveterate woman-hater *to marry*.

DEC. 30. Shakespeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus* was performed [*first time in Boston*] for the benefit of Mr. Cooper, and repeated the two succeeding evenings. The scene at the beginning of the fifth act, where the noble matron interceded so feelingly for her darling country, to a son bent on its destruction, was well executed.

> Now each, by turns, indulg'd the gush of woe,
> And now the mingled tides together flow;
> This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
> A *mother* one, and one a son deplore.

It would be unjust to the merit of an improving actor, not to mention the *Aufidius* of

Mr Fox, as a correct and spirited performance.

JAN. 6. *Hamlet* and *Too many Cooks*. Often as Mr. Cooper has gratified us with his inimitable performance of *Hamlet*, he has perhaps never been seen to exceed the efforts of this evening. Of Mrs. Darley's *Ophelia* we have before given our opinion, which is yet unaltered.

JAN. 8. *The School for Scandal* was perhaps never better performed in Boston, than this evening, the whole strength of the company being employed.

The play was succeeded by *Love laughs at Locksmiths*. Mr. Darley as *Capt. Beldare* was pleasing, and discovered improving talents. He is a correct singer, and possesses a fine voice, which is happily displayed in the favourite song "Let Fame sound the trumpet," which he introduced in the piece. Mr. Twaits in *Risk* is irresistibly comick: he plays with exhaustless spirit.—*Totterton* belongs to a line in which we have never before seen Mr. Fox. If this is his first attempt in superannuated old men we congratulate him on his success.

JAN. 10. *Who wants a Guinea ?* a comedy in five acts, by George Coleman the younger, made its first appearance at our theatre. The plot of this comedy, if there be any, would occupy a space not much less than the piece itself. It possesses many beauties and many faults. "Of its defects, the most radical is want of plan; scarcely

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any interest is created; suspense is little felt; and it would be difficult to declare what was the subject of it. Having little interest, it has no hero. Solomon Gundy might almost as truly contend for that honour as Delamere, Torrent, Henry, Oldskirt, or the Baronet. It is a jumble of characters, dramatically conceived, and in some parts executed with remarkable truth, but so unconnected as, when brought together, to have nothing to do: or, at least, nothing that forms a whole. It is evidently a work of haste, undigested, and therefore inconsistent. Of its beauties, as they are in detail, and thus dispersed, it is not possible to give any adequate picture. But it is highly delightful to observe the general spirit of true philanthropy, with which the sentiments abound. Had the author taken sufficient time, this spirit would not have so frequently worn the pitiful garb of a clap-trap; nor have so improperly and egregiously intruded itself where it was an impertinence; something which neither explained, coalesced with, nor promoted the plot, but induced us to yawn at what in itself was so excellent."

JAN. 15. *Macbeth* and the *Lying Valet*. Nothing need be said of a character which Mr. Cooper has so often personated, and with such reiterated and universal approbation. Of the other parts, *Macduff* by Mr. Fox was the most distinguished. In the farce, *Melissa* by Mrs. Usher was the best and most spirited we have ever seen.

JAN. 24. *Othello* and *'Tis all a Farce.*—Mr. Cooper's *Othello* is, unquestionably, the finest performance ever witnessed on the American stage; and may safely be pronounced the *ne plus ultra* of tragick acting. He seems to have studied the meaning of the poet with minute exactness, and fulfils the most ardent expectations of criticism. He possesses a voice of astonishing capacity; the tones of which are pleasant and various, and are admirably adapted to "the whirlwind of passion."—Mr. Usher has a good conception of the character of *Iago*, and sometimes discovers art and cunning; but his powers are insufficient to carry him through. The passage—"Good name in man or woman," &c. was "well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion." This gentleman is entitled to the approbation of every auditor, whose ear is pleased with correct language and distinct articulation.—We should be happy, would truth permit, to apply the last remark to *every* one who performed in the piece: but *Uth-el-lur* for *O-thel-lō*,—*brēēk* for *breāk*,—*prom-ŭs* for *prom-īse*, &c. not only savour a little of affectation, but border very closely on vulgarity.

JAN. 27. *The Gamester*, [second time for five years] and *Oscar and Malvina.*

JAN. 29. *Othello* and *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper.

.....

Notwithstanding the encomiums which have been so liberally bestowed on the man-

ager, for his exertions to procure performers of merit, the characters of *comick old women* have had very slender support. The *Nurse* in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Alice* in the *Castle Spectre*, *Miss Metaphor*, *Miss Durable*, &c. have been badly executed. The writer of this article has seen Mrs. Barnes play characters of this description in a style much superiour to that in which they are now performed.

NEW-YORK.

Mr. Fennel has played seven nights at this place. He has performed *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Richard* and *Jaffier*. *Othello* is pronounced, without hesitation, to be his *chef d'œuvre*. Nature has done her part to fit him for the personation of *Othello*—his voice, his looks, his size, and his fine proportion, evince it; education and study have completed him, and justly render his *Othello* unsurpassed. [*It is presumed the writer of the preceding article has never witnessed the Othello of Mr. Cooper*....Ed.] Mr. Barret attempted *Pierre*; but after having seen Cooper in the character, his performance afforded little gratification. Mrs. Jones, if we may believe newspaper criticisms, is the principal favourite. *Little Pickle*, which she has played six times, and *Miss Peggy*, which we saw advertised for the third time, are highly applauded. Mr. and Mrs. Young, who left the Boston theatre a few weeks

since, were introduced to the audience in *Octavian* and *Agnes*.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE last new new comedy of T. Morton, Esq. entitled *The School of Reform*, has been performed several times at the Philadelphia theatre. Trans-atlantick criticism speaks highly of the merits of this piece. It contains a strong mixture of the serious and the pleasant: or might, perhaps, more emphatically be called a tragi-comedy.

A grand pantomimick allegorick spectacle, called *Cinderella; or the Little Glass Slipper*, has likewise been represented with great success. This piece is founded on the well-known *Fairy Tale* of the same name; and was represented in London upwards of sixty successive nights.

Mr. Fennel, after the conclusion of his engagement at New-York, made his first appearance in this city for three years, in the character of *Zanga*. He is engaged for twelve nights.

CHARLESTON.

MR. BATES made his first appearance on the Charleston boards in the character of *Sir Peter Teazle*. Jones is highly praised in the first walks of the drama. He has performed *Hamlet*, *Richard*, &c. with great eclat.

A tragedy, called *Foscari, or the Venetian Exile*, written by a young gentleman of Charleston, was advertised for representation the 8th of January.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

A VERY humorous piece lately made its appearance at the Theatre François, in Paris. Its purport is to ridicule the facility with which divorces are obtained, and the indelicate traffick of getting a husband or wife by advertisement or agency. An elderly man marries a young wife of unimpeachable virtue, but of a disposition so extravagant as to tire him of wedlock; he, therefore, without having any thing to impute to her of moral defect, resolves to divorce her; and the young lady, who has nothing to charge her husband with but a defect very natural to his years, resolves upon the same thing; but both carry on the design privately, and determine, before they separate, to provide themselves with other helpmates. Early one morning, the gentleman goes to an office, which advertised to supply both sexes with partners, and makes his business known to the master, with whom a very humorous scene ensues.—The master takes his memorandum book to enter the description of the old gentleman, and the humour consists in the vanity of the portrait which he draws of himself, contrasted with his real feebleness

and age; for when the description is finished, an old man of seventy appears upon paper to have the activity and features of a youth of twenty-one. Just as the description is finished, the master is informed that a lady is waiting for him: he begs his customer to withdraw into an inner room, and immediately the *wife* herself is ushered in. An excellent scene here ensues between the master, who is a coxcomb, and the lady, whose modesty will not permit her to dwell on her accomplishments. The memorandum book is then put into her hands, and she immediately selects the description which the husband had just given of himself, and requests to see this active, well proportioned young fellow. "You shall see him this instant," says the master, "he is in the house." "Heaven be praised," she exclaims, "but what are *my* charms to *his?* (give me some rouge, Monsieur)—Can he look upon such a creature? (could you let me have some patches?)—I shall sink wish confusion. Is he so amiable as he describes himself? O, Heavens—if he should not like me!"

Whilst she is in the hurry of preparation, the master opens an inner door, and encourages the old gentleman to come forth, who at first hangs back; they soon, however, burst upon each other's view; and the catastrophe ends in a good laugh, and the determination of the parties to live together, and give over the thoughts of a divorce.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Powell has become the lessee of the Boston theatre for another term of three years.

Mr. Cooper's engagement here ceases the latter end of February. Report says he is to be the manager of the New-York theatre next season.

Mr. Bernard goes to England in the spring. It is whispered, that the object of this voyage is to bring the celebated Mr. Holman across the Atlantick.

Literary Notices.—An elegant edition of *The Sabbath*, a Poem, lately published at Edinburgh, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. D. and J. West, Boston.

Mr. Dunlap of New-York is about publishing a general collection of his plays, in ten volumes.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The *Memoirs of Commodore Preble* are received, and shall appear next month, accompanied with a portrait.

A *Biographical Sketch* of the late *George R. Minot, Esq.* is preparing for a future number of the Polyanthos.

Some of the observations in this number on *To marry or not to marry* and *Who wants a Guinea?* are borrowed from Holcroft's *Theatrical Recorder.*

☞ In page 86, line 7, the word *them* was omitted through mistake in a few of the first impressions.

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms and Theatrical Information from all parts of the United States are solicited.*

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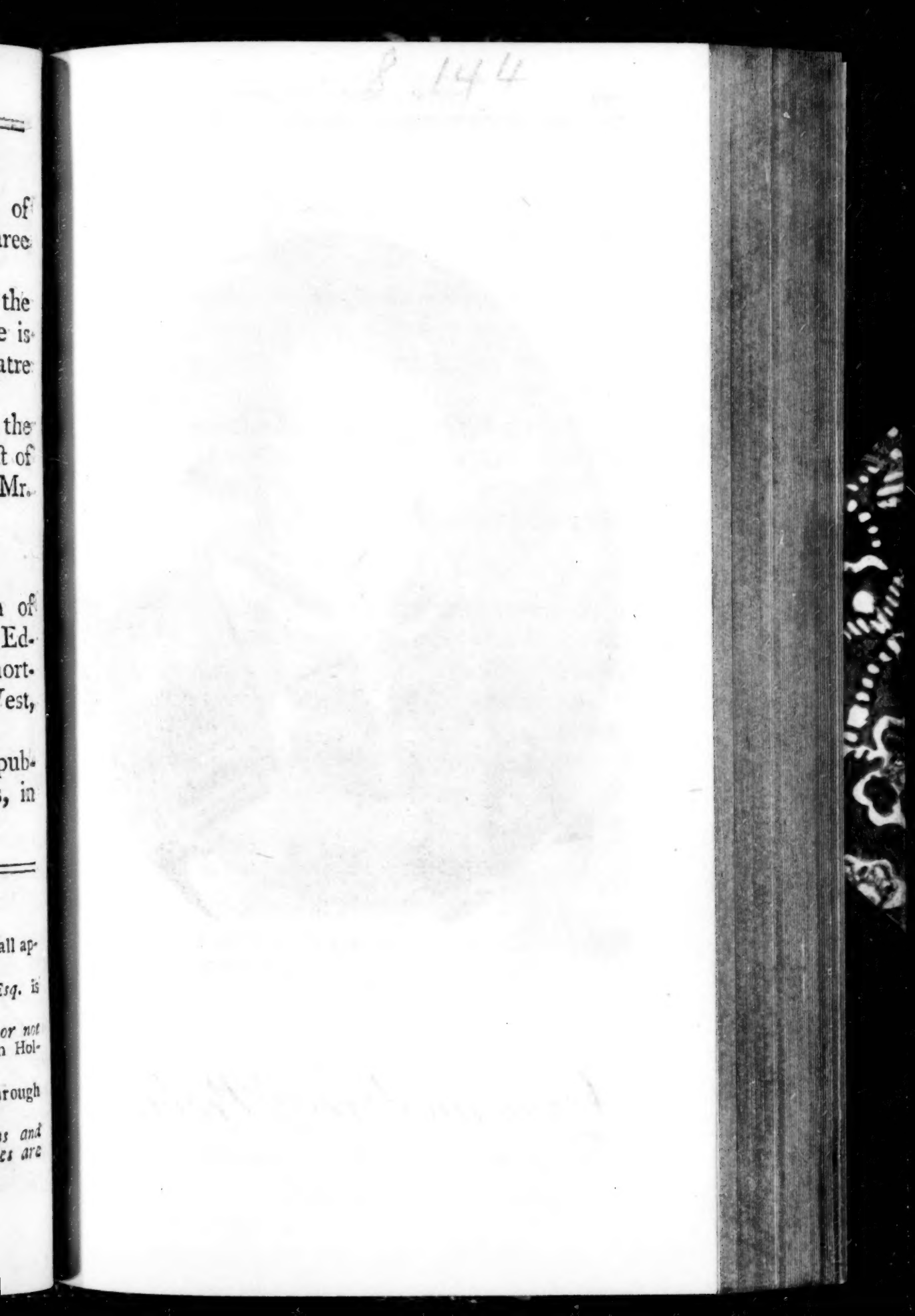

S. Harris sculp.

Commodore Preble.